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IF YOU BUY IT AT SELBERT'S ITS GOOD

As I take a whack at all creation, it is only meet and seemly that I take a "whack" at the man of Utah. If I was a man I could challenge him to "pistols and coffee for two, but, as I am only a woman, I guess it will have to be lingual warfare. But first, imprimitur—let it be printed and know all men by these presents—that I, the "Witch" of Last Night's Thoughts, do herein set forth my utter abhorrence and detestation of that species of spiritual vivisection—the impaling on the reaper of a merciless woe—of which the man of Utah—the knight of the snarling quill (for truly he charges a subject with snarling quill) is the exponent. It bespeaks inherent cruelty, something I would not have entered into my make-up, for all the wealth of the Indies. Why that man would vivisect frogs and dogs in the interests of science. Ugh! I call the readers of the Roundabout to witness that this war of words has not been of my seeking, but when a specimen of the genus, homo-order primates, puts on large glasses and goes out prospecting for trouble, don't you think it is in accordance with the eternal fitness of things that he locate a placer of that precious metal, yclept trouble? A sort of Rowland for his Oliver? By the way, while I think of it, who is D. Meade Woodson? (Don't all speak at once.) And how it is I've never heard of him before, and his name is not enrolled side by side with the other great men of earth, in the "Hall of Fame?" I would love to know, for curiosity killed a cat once. I believe I could sum him up in a word of five letters, and when phnetic spelling obtains it won't take but three. The first I ever knew of him he was bearing down on me, like a rush of worlds, from their orbits, brandishing the awful weapon of the verb, "to criticize" in one hand, and in the other such unanswerable queries as "Why God should have made Eve from Adams rib, and then not take Mr. Lions rib to make Mrs. Lion, and Mr. Tiger's rib to make Mrs. Tiger." Has he bats in his belfry, or why, in the name of all that is logical and the "Great Horn Spoon," does he ask me such a question as that? Did I ever for one moment profess to be acquainted with the workings of the "Great . . . ?" Au contraire did I not say, in Queen King's English, "A God comprehended would be no God at all." And if I know one thing, must I know every thing? When, as a matter of fact, I will acknowledge, every hour in the day, that I only know that I know nothing. If I could tell him off hand, I fail to see how it would very materially, add to the sum total of human knowledge. There are many, many things I would much rather know than that. Well, we will have to wait until "we die and go—I know not

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[illegible]

**"ALL DEALERS."**

where—above the smoke and stir of this dim spot, which men call earth." "Heigh ho! Alas, and alack! That man will be requiring of me the whereabouts of Robinson Crusoe's man Friday next, or a tooth of the Sacred Elephant, or the little round button on the great Pangandrums, I can tell him this much about Mr. Lion—though where as he was couchant on my coat of arms, he is, now, rampant—regardant. I don't know much of whaling or sailing, never having been on a whaling ship to the Atlantic, nor as Super-cargo to the tropics, but, it seems to me that if I had attacked the man of Utah with a harpoon he wouldn't have been any more the belligerent gentleman. I wonder why, dear heart alive, what a disciple of the doctrine of "Universal Brotherhood" he makes Mr. Gaines and look like thirty cents, and feel like unto Pollok's superfluous atom, "which when created and found to be over and above that which was necessary, was cast back into nothingness, with everlasting sense that once it was." It would seem that we will have to hide our diminished heads, or become an "also ran," but as a matter of fact, I haven't an idea of doing anything of the kind. Why, he is a modern Shylock, for his pound of flesh. He doesn't want Mr. Gaines to appropriate any of the crusading stunt, because he wants to relegate all that business to himself. He is nothing if not an 18k. fine crusader. It seems to me that if there was no crusade, there had as well be no D. Meade Woodson. History gives no account of his ever having been pleased with but two things, himself and Utah. Long may he there remain. I think that for him, the Great Ego—the absolute I, is written all over the face of nature. He rings the changes on "the being whose center is everywhere, and whose circumference is nowhere." Well, why, not? There is no harm in it, and it sounds real well. But I fear me much that his is a creed whose "center is everywhere, and whose circumference is nowhere." He seems to stand hand on sword, at attention "to read, to write," and "to criticize," a sort of right angle triangle of a man. Let's see—the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the square of the sum of the other two sides. The hypotenuse is the longest side of a right angle triangle; then in this case, it goes without saying, that "to criticize" is the hypotenuse, since that is clearly the longest side of this man, "to read and to write," and the other two sides. Now, don't you think the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the square of the sum of the other two sides? That is to say, don't you think there is easily as much "criticise" as there is of both "read and write" entering into the nature and make-up of the man? I do. Apropos of the fact that he has the Nicholas head for figures, I will see built a problem for his solution. It is as old as the hills, but has never been correctly solved. If it takes 9 yards of moonshine to make a mooiley cow an evening dress, how far is it to the moon? Of course we know that usually it is 234,000 miles, but there is no telling how much this mooiley cow, and evening dress business is going to increase or diminish it. It is bound to cut some ice in the solution of the problem. Now, this is an argument of three propositions—the mooiley cow, the evening dress, and the moon. A kind of physical-astronomical syllogism. If he can only get his major and minor premises correct, my word for it, his syllogism is sure to be. I would suggest that he go out and corral a herd of logarithms, to abridge calculations, but for the fact that you can't quite apply the usual remedy—sidereal astronomy in this case, because of the physical element entering so largely into the problem, nor bring to bear any of the family of Calculus—whether Barycentric, imaginary, integral, exponential or differential. It is an awful tangle. But, stay, I believe I have it. As the man who is going to solve the problem is a physical animal, and the mooiley cow is a physical animal, and the evening dress is a confection for a physical animal, why not try physical astronomy? Well, if all else fails, I suggest heliography as a method of solution. Nonsense. Certainly it is, "but a little jolly now and then is relished by the wisest men." The erudite gentleman of Utah says that my article of March 24th "is

Nearly a theme of the composite order." Well, what's the matter with having an article of the composite order, any way? Is there anything that is not made up of parts? I wish he would pass me over a few. A few integers, that are not capable, by some species of disintegration, of being resolved into their integrant parts. All that is not atomic in its constitution is not matter, and all that is not matter is not at all. Even the luminiferous ether, the nearest approach to spirit we have, is atomic in its constitution. It would not be an entity, else, and would have to be classed as spirit or nihility. Absolute coalescence is absolute density. Where there are no inter-spaces, there can be no yielding. An ether absolutely dense, would put an infinitely more effectual stop to sidereers' revolution than would an ether of adamant or iron. When we arrive at un-particled matter, I believe we reach God, God exists, and spirit does not, therefore God is not spirit. We can not conceive of that which is not. I believe that God is matter—but not matter as we understand it; and that there are gradations of matter of which we know nothing; the grosser impelling the finer, the finer pre-vailing the grosser. Just as the electric principle permeates the atmosphere, and the atmosphere impels it. Why in the name of all that is peaceful, could not the man of Utah pursue his own slap ash, hit or miss style, and allow me to pursue the even or uneven, as the case may be, tenor of my own composite way? Must he rise, Phoenix-like, out of the ashes of my reputation as an author? Ye gods! What a disciple of the doctrine of "Universal Brotherhood, the laying down of all things selfish." God bless the man, or woman, who is human enough to urge you on to greater endeavor. I wouldn't have cared four pence sterling for his criticism if he had only practiced a little of what he preaches a good deal. If he wants to ask any question concerning anything I assumed or asserted in my article of March 24th, and will use just a soup con of that Universal Brotherhood doctrine, I will answer him according to my very best lights as far as in and around me lies. But, failing this (and I think, as well might the astronomer hold his sextant in the midnight sky expecting to obtain an observation of the sun), I answer no questions of his asking. Not I, not on your life. I will just remark, en passant, that that article was intended to be printed in paragraphs, and I had the MS. so rounded—but, that is all right. The Roundabout is the best paper in the world, and Mr. Lewis one of the finest man I have ever met. In avoiding Scylla, the gentleman of Utah has run amuck of Charybdis; as to whether he took the volvoxgloabator or the bacterium for the tiny mustard seed, deponent sayeth not. It seems to me, if he had a speaking acquaintance with the triple combination—biology, zoology and botany—he ought to know I said nothing of "the tiny mustard seed." He says "Providence is not arraigned." (Verily I believe the ink-well he uses is the original one in which truth lies buried.) I don't believe there is a man (only the man of Utah), woman, child, horse or carriage, who read that article, that would, for a moment, accredit me with a thought of really arraigning Providence. He says that touching the theory that portions of the Divine Being are incarnate or incorporated in this grosser matter, we are a unit. Well, I'm sure I'm thankful for small mercies. I also believe that because of sin, suffering had to come into this world, and to suffer we have to have organs; and further believe that we will always have organs, i. e., we will never be bodiless. To divest man of corporate investiture would be to render one of God's acts futile, purposeless, and we could not imagine one of His acts returning upon 'Hself. He makes no mistakes. I believe that unparticled matter, existing unincorporate is God; but, we can not conceive of it because of the limitations of the human mind, and that the pain of the primitive life of earth is the sole basis of the bliss of this ultimate life in heaven. But, I can not go into this any further now—haven't space. Mr. Lewis is looking obliquely at me now. Well, finally, I propose a toast to the man of Utah, like 'Old Glory.' (long

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## Apr. 7—1m

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and the home of the brave."—just in  
Utah.

BEL PACE HARROD

(For the Roundabout.)  
DEAR OLD KENTUCKY.

Kentucky, rejoicing in the happy reunion  
Of her sons and daughters all;  
Who did haste from every State and clime,  
To answer to the hearty call.

One sad thought did ever linger  
One sweet chord the music lacked;  
When friends looked in vain for face  
Of loved ones who came not back.

Joyous, happy, dear old Kentucky,  
 With your homes so happy bright;  
 Wreathed in flowers and sincere greetings,  
 My heart is there with you to-night.  
 CATHERINE PILCHER BRETZ.

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